

# THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

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MARCH, 1884.

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## *A SEANCE WITH MR. EGLINTON.*

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

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EVERY Spiritualist will be glad to know that one of the most reliable and celebrated mediums, Mr. EGLINTON, has, after too long a holiday, resumed his work, and once more placed his wonderful powers, and his—in the popular sense of the word—miraculous gifts, at the disposal of all persons who wish to know the truth about Spiritualism.

I have known Mr. Eglinton for about seven years, and have had, perhaps, a hundred séances with him, and seen in his presence marvels and miracles without number. During a large portion of this time he has been an inmate of my home, first at Malvern—later in London. During this period he visited South Africa, India and America, France and Germany, attended everywhere by the same wonderful manifestations. No medium has been more thoroughly tested, and no one has more completely satisfied inquirers of his own good faith, and the reality and perfect genuineness of his manifestations. Adepts in India, Africa, America, England, and Germany, have alike been satisfied, and unbelievers convinced. The professors of Leipsig, converted from materialism by the manifestations with Slade, had their faith confirmed by Eglinton.

Why, then, it may be asked, has the public been so long deprived of the benefit of these extraordinary and most useful powers? Why leave the field of so many triumphs, and of such greatly needed labours? We regret, but can readily excuse the motive. Mr. Eglinton did not wish to be dependent upon his gift, or to receive money from those who might profit by it.

Authors, artists, physicians, lawyers, preachers, might be ever so richly paid for their gifts and graces—but not mediums; so he left the field, and set to work to secure an income which would enable him to give séances gratis.

Fortunately, as I think, he did not succeed. More fortunately, he came to a more reasonable state of mind, and resolved to do his true work, and live by it, as men do by other less honourable professions. Let those who profit pay. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." "They who serve the altar must live by the altar." From Her Majesty and her Lord Chancellor to the street sweeper, all service is paid, and why should the medium be an exception? It was a purely romantic notion, and has been frankly abandoned.

I was very glad, therefore, to receive a note from Mr. Eglinton inviting me to come to his rooms, on the 24th of January, to meet a very select circle of Spiritualists, and see what the spirits would do to open the new campaign.

Mr. Eglinton's rooms are at 12 Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, three minutes' walk from the Marble Arch, and in the centre of the fashionable quarter of Tyburnia, the rival of Belgravia. He has a very handsome first floor drawing-room, and a smaller back room for séances; altogether a quiet and comfortable arrangement.

To satisfy those who wish to test materialisations, Mr. Eglinton has had a cabinet constructed with which the most credulous of sceptics should be content. It is simply a box with a wire front, in which any visitor can fasten him with his own padlock, and be very sure that what appears outside, whatever it may be, is not the medium.

After our survey of the apartments, and examination of the cabinet, which we did not propose to utilise on this occasion, we sat in the full daylight around a very plain table for direct writing on slates. There were five persons present,—Mr. BLACKBURN, a retired business man from Lancashire, who has done so much for Spiritualism, Mrs. WESTERN, Miss COOK (the well-known medium, sister of Florence Cook, so long and thoroughly tested by Mr. Crookes), Mr. EGLINTON, and myself.

Four common school slates were on the table, and were washed with a wet sponge, and thoroughly wiped with a towel. Mr. Eglinton placed a bit of pencil on one of them, and held it with one hand under and against the leaf of the table, while the other hand and all hands were held above the table. In a few moments

we heard the sound of writing on the slate, and then three sharp taps as if made by the bit of pencil. "Joey" had announced his presence, in his well-known handwriting, and then in the same way, by writing and raps, answered several questions. A spirit friend wrote her name for Mrs. Western.

There was no doubt of the genuineness of all this. I know "Joey's" hand as well as I do my own. There was no possibility of Mr. Eglinton with his one hand holding the slate as he did against the table leaf and writing on its upper side; but I wanted what may be considered a better test manifestation for the "RECORD," and got it.

Two slates were cleaned and laid upon the top of the table in full sight. A bit of pencil, about a quarter of an inch long, was placed between them. All our hands were joined, and thus holding each other we watched and listened. In a few seconds we heard the sound of rapid writing—then the signal raps. Removing the upper slate we found a message of fifteen lines, containing one hundred and twenty-six words, in a handwriting perfectly familiar to me, and totally unlike that of any person present.

This is the message :—

"My Dear Papa,

"I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that I am able to send you these words of greeting and love, after so long a period of silence. Silent, however, only in the outward form, for as you and dear, dear Mama know, I am ever with you in spirit. What a blessed boon is this God-given power that enables me to tell you this myself! Dear, dear Mama! How many hours I have spent in ministering to her [in] the tenderness of my love, and how futile have been my efforts to free her from pain and suffering. Give her my constant and tender love, and not forgetting your dear self, my own Papa, I am yours in the blessed faith.

"† WILLIE."

I give the best photo-typic reproduction I can get of this writing, which may be compared with other examples, given under different conditions, in previous numbers of the RECORD. It is the handwriting of my daughter, Mary Wilhelmina, familiarly called Willie; and I give also a specimen of the handwriting of Mr. Eglinton, that the reader may judge whether he could have written this letter, as it was written on the slate in not more than one-tenth part of the time it has taken me, a fairly rapid writer, to copy it. No—we five persons *heard* every word written; in the full daylight we *saw* the two slates lying upon the table before us from which the sound of writing proceeded. When the upper



slate was raised from the lower we all saw the work which we had heard. The test was perfect—perfect as to the conditions—perfect as to matter and handwriting.

My dear Father

I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that I am able to send you these words of greeting and love, after so long a period of silence. Silent, however, only in the outward form, for as you and dear dear Anne know, I am ever with you in spirit. What a blessed boon is this God-given power that enables me to be with you thus myself. Dear, dear Anne! How many hours I have spent in your company in the tenderness of my love, and how futile have been my efforts to free her from pain and suffering. Give her my constant and tender love and not forgetting your dear self. My own father. I am yours in the blessed first

+ Willie.

It will be observed that I have put one little word in my printed copy of the message in brackets, the preposition "in," which is not in the original. When I showed the message on the slate to Mrs. Nichols, she said,—“Willie says you must correct her manuscript. You must supply an *in* which she left out.”

To make the matter more satisfactory, I give also a bit of my daughter's handwriting, some years before she left us, as well as a fac-simile of the writing of Mr. Eglinton, the medium.

From a bower of pearly lilies,  
Comes the fragrant Southern wind,  
And the East Wind's far off palace,  
Is with silvery radiance lined.  
All one glow of golden glory,  
Are the arches of the West;  
While in caves icy crystal,  
Does the snow-crowned North Wind rest.

I am very truly,  
W. Eglinton

12. Old Inhabac Court.  
Hyde Park - W.

Mr. EGLINTON, planting himself in a central accessible position, about ten minutes' walk from the Edgware Road Metropolitan Station, and close by Oxford Street, is prepared to give similar tests of spirit presence and power, and *séances* for materialisation to all investigators of "Psychism" who will comply with his very reasonable conditions. He is quite willing to be watched, examined, padlocked into his cabinet, handcuffed; or to do or submit to anything necessary to satisfy genuine searchers after truth.

He limits his numbers to twelve, each of whom must buy a ticket of admission. This ticket gives the opportunity for research, but does not guarantee results. From an experience of several years, scores of sittings, and hundreds of manifestations under the most perfect test conditions, in my own house, I can have no doubt that every person who goes to Mr. Eglinton with the sincere desire to know the truth as to spirits and their power of making themselves known, will be completely satisfied.

Those who have made up "what they call their minds" without examining the facts, may as well keep away. Proof is wasted on such people. They do not need it, and are probably better without it. For the rest of us "it is better to know."

Since writing the above I find the following letter from Mr. Blackburn, in *Light*, giving an account of his experiences. Few, if any, have done more for Spiritualism than Mr. Blackburn:—

### "TEST CABINETS,"

PROVING WHEN USED THE INTEGRITY AND PASSIVITY OF MEDIUMS  
IN PRODUCING SPIRIT FORMS.

(To the Editor of *LIGHT*.)

SIR,—Although I have long since withdrawn from giving subscriptions in support of Spiritualism, I still feel interested in it as *a great truth*, and get invited to séances, one of which (through your permission) I will now report, and which took place, on January 31st, 1884, at Mr. W. Eglinton's new apartments, 12 Old Quebec Street, Oxford Street, under the most crucial test conditions.

Learning from the medium that he was intending to devote his whole time to séances, I promised him a *test cabinet* as my final gift to Spiritualism, and although I had given others before, this last is the most perfect and simple of them all for testing materialisations. If Theosophists and Psychologists would give up theorising and attend more to facts, and adopt my method of instructing *the public* through good mediums, with suitable and agreeable tests, they then would advance the cause tenfold.

Now for a description of the cabinet. It is of inch-thick mahogany and exactly the shape of a bath chair without wheels; instead of a glass window front it has for ventilating copper wire netting, with meshes about one inch. This wire is stretched from head to foot. The cabinet contains a seat for one person only inside, the long wire door being finally fastened outside by sceptics or any person with a new Chubb's padlock.

I was invited to bring friends to a first trial, and I did so.



Several ladies of my acquaintance from Putney, along with the two Misses Cook and myself, went, and were joined shortly afterwards by two gentlemen, friends of the medium. The ladies from Putney and the medium went into the room where the cabinet was lying in four separate detached pieces, and had a short "slate-writing" trial on the top of the table, in full gaslight, with a crumb of pencil between two clean slates, one hand of the medium holding the hands of the ladies and the other resting on the top slate. Suddenly writing was heard, and when thirty to forty lines were written, three taps announced its finish; the writing which appeared on the under slate is now at Putney.

The gentlemen then put together, in three or four minutes, the aforesaid cabinet, and the medium entered it and sat down. The wire door was shut, and the elder lady fastened the door with Chubb's padlock and retained both keys for one and a-half hours until the séance was over, and then we all saw her unfasten the lock and let Mr. Eglinton out, everything being in as perfect order as when he entered. The cabinet was shut off from the circle of sitters by two large, thick curtains, so as to secure darkness round the cabinet during "form materialisations," but the company had about one-fifth of a full jet of gas, and we all saw five materialised forms at *separate intervals* open the curtains, clothed in soft gauzy white drapery, and come boldly *right up to us*. Whilst we could hear the medium groaning in the cabinet, Abdullah, a dark-faced figure with one arm, came, and, in Oriental fashion, often did the salaam. Ernest, with grisly beard, also came, and a female form, and several others.

Now, if these are facts, and I maintain they are, and can be seen daily, why don't the writers favourable to the cause show their powers to the Press and to ministers of religion, leaving the so-called scientific men alone? The latter have too often only seen through their own spectacles and have not been open to conviction. Finally, I have seen the same medium fastened to another gentleman with handcuffs, and when the two have put both arms under the table, and asked for my chair to be put there also, and then asked for it to be threaded on either arm (thus illustrating the passing of matter through matter by spirit agency), it was done, and that not by jugglery or trick.

CHARLES BLACKBURN.

105, Elgin Crescent, Nottinghill, W.

May I kindly suggest to Mr. CHARLES WATTS, editor of the *Secular Review*, that if he *really* wishes to know the truth as to the reality of Spiritualism, here is a very excellent opportunity.

“LIKE TO LIKE.”

(ILLUSTRATION OF A LAW-SPIRITUAL.)

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“‘Like to like’ is one of the first laws of the spirit-world. It is in the spiritual universe what the laws of attraction and affinity are in the chemistry of matter.”—*Mrs. De Morgan’s “From Matter to Spirit.”*

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THIS axiom of the Spiritualist, “Like to like,” will, when minutely sought into by the student of psychological law, prove itself to be equally true in cases of magnificently harmonious and continuous manifestation of celestial grace and beauty, as well as in apparently unimportant, isolated, and commonplace occurrences. The “law of correspondence,” as it is termed by Swedenborg, evidently is universal in the realms of spirit. The agreement of the symbology of the manifestation itself, as well as every minute external circumstance connected with the manifestation, will at times be so extraordinary, so frequently repeated, and also, occasionally to the mere outside perception, so far fetched as to be pronounced simply *arbitrary*—that is to say, employing Johnson’s definition of the word—“to be bound by no law, but to follow the will with no restraint.”

One of the most remarkable instances on record known to the writer of the operation of the law of “like to like,” will be found in the following narrative, translated from the German. The original will be met with at page 121 of the 9th volume of *Blätter aus Prevorst*, 1837. The narrator is a German pastor in South Germany. The history was communicated by him to Dr. Justinus Kerner, who was editor of *Blätter aus Prevorst*. A portion of the facts, in so far as it concerns an apparition being seen by daylight, is given by Mrs. Crowe in her “Night-side of Nature.” But the entire narrative from beginning to end, with its varied detail, is needed as an illustration of the spiritual axiom under special consideration, and has not before been translated fully.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHEPHERDS AND SHEEP.

Upon our great high-road between H——n and F——d, which winds across a wide, fruitful plateau-land, towards the neighbouring State of Baden, during the Seven Years’ War, a very drunken dealer in cattle is said to have died.

On the spot where he expired and was interred, and where at the present time a colossal pear-tree grows—formerly marked by a rude stone cross, now by a milestone—it is affirmed by the



peasants of the district, and also by many a traveller who has traversed this road at midnight, that they have been disturbed by apparitions of animals—of herds of sheep, oxen, swine, etc., which nevertheless, when carefully observed, were no longer to be perceived.

We will here relate what is most strictly true, regarding an apparition beheld on the spot in broad daylight by the narrator himself, his friend (a clergyman), and his sister, all three at the time being unacquainted with the tradition connected with the place.

On a bright evening of the 24th of June, 1826, I returned from H. with my friend S—, and my sister. We had been to H. in reference to his affairs, his hoped-for appointment as vicar of our parish. As we drove homewards, my friend, sitting with his back to the postillion, began relating the history of his childhood, which, spite of my many years' intimate knowledge of him, I had never until then heard:—

#### THE PASTOR'S STORY.

"My father," he began, "was the pastor of the parish of G—, a worthy parish! His income, consisting mainly in tithes and gifts from the product of the land, gave him opportunity to lead a rural life, which had for him especial attraction. My mother, a true and hardy daughter of Suabia, participated in his rustic tastes. No wonder, therefore, that these tastes should have been inherited by one of their three sons. I, the middle one, was the inheritor.

"The gathering and housing of the tithe-fruits and produce, together with the cultivation of the glebe, necessitated the keeping several horses. The consumption of the luxuriant crops in a well-to-do neighbourhood necessitated the keeping a no less number of cows; whilst the rich pastures needed to be cropped by some hundred head of sheep. Thus both the position and inclination of my parents led to their carrying on farming operations of a somewhat extended character, which happily they conducted with sufficient good fortune. Before I quitted my go-cart, I was taken by my father in his arms to visit the flocks and herds. No marvel is it that henceforth my greatest joy was to be found amongst them; nor that before I could well toddle alone, I would contrive to find my way from my mother's lap to the cheerful pasture-field, and became a veritable nomad, spending even nights as well as days away from my home, wandering about with the flocks.

"That my father watched this growing inclination with satisfaction is obvious, not alone by his never seeking to check it, but by his gift on Christmas Eve, in my tenth year, of a perfectly idyllic garment, a little shepherd's frock, adorned with red rosettes, together with a crook. Thus with ever-increasing love did I give myself up to a shepherd's life, until, with my twelfth year, another page was turned in the book of my life.

"My family possessed the gift of a scholarship at the university of our fatherland. To the enjoyment of this scholarship my elder brother had from his birth been destined. When, however, the time arrived for him to avail himself of it, he declared his fixed determination was for painting, for which, indeed, he had shown a decided talent. It was therefore decided, since the determination of my elder brother was so strong, and my younger brother was still a child, that I should enter the university. It was fixed that I, from being a shepherd of sheep, should become a shepherd of souls! This was, indeed, as a thunderclap to me, who had already in my childish heart considered myself as consecrated to the shepherd's life. My calling is better, however, than to be a shepherd of mere sheep, since mine is to feed the hearts of my human flock. May only now the good fortune be awarded to me very soon to be appointed shepherd to my own sheep, so that I may also speedily lead to them, as shepherdess, my beloved affianced bride!"

It is needless to observe that my friend was in love. With this wish expressed, he ended his story. Then followed a deep silence, during which he leaned back in the carriage, and we all in reverie gazed silently out into the landscape. Thus may we have sat for some quarter-of-an-hour, driving onward until we arrived at the cheerful-looking spot, terrific, from its associations to so many persons; but all its evil reputation as to nocturnal hauntings was unknown at that time to us. The sun, unveiled by clouds, had not yet set. Here we beheld a numerous herd of sheep coming slowly towards us, filling the whole breadth of the road; in front of them the shepherd, in his usual attire, accompanied by a long-haired black dog.

Such a sight, however, in this region being far from uncommon, we exchanged no word regarding it. Already in the morning we had encountered several flocks. We only observed it in silence, thinking, however, all three of us, as it afterwards transpired, the self-same thought, namely, how would this vast flock be able to move out of the way of our carriage without doing damage, either to the luxuriant growth of vegetables on the left, or to the beautiful grass-land on the right of the high road? During this time I took my pipe, filled it with tobacco in the presence of the sheep, and then asked my friend to get me a light from the postillion. This for a moment broke our silence. Nearer and nearer drew the sheep with the slowly advancing shepherd; and when I had blown my pipe a-light, I thought, now we must be amongst the feet of the sheep! Then I looked up, and, to my greatest surprise, I beheld no longer the very slightest sign of them; and, before I could express my amazement, my friend and my sister at once asked whether I could tell where the sheep had so suddenly vanished—the sheep we had seen so long advancing along the plain? We gazed at each other in astonishment.



We stopped the carriage at once, looked out on all sides, descended from the carriage, in order more freely to be able to see all around, across the flat country. It was all in vain, our six strong, young eyes could not discover even the slightest trace of them! And then inquiring from the postillion if he saw them, to our even greater bewilderment, we learnt that he neither then nor before had seen sheep or shepherd!

We drove on rapidly to overtake a carriage on the road which had preceded us from the village of K—, in order to make our inquiries of the travellers, but neither had the three persons in this carriage beheld anything more than our postillion had done.

In great astonishment at this strange experience, we arrived at the entrance of our village, just as the sun was setting; and here were we met by the mother of our friend, who had joined my wife and mother-in-law. All three approaching us greeted my friend with the exclamation of "Welcome, dear shepherd!"

Upon this we looked at each other with still increasing surprise. When we were all together, and without our having related our adventure, we inquired the meaning of this greeting, and learned that upon their walk the Frau Pfarrerin (my friend's mother) had related for their entertainment the youthful history of her pastorson, thus giving rise to the greeting which he had been received with upon our arrival.

The whole of this remarkable experience becomes yet more remarkable through its sequel.

#### ANOTHER SHEPHERD.

Three months had elapsed, and the singular circumstances just related were almost forgotten. My friend's hope also as to his fixed appointment as minister to our parish had likewise almost vanished, when again there was granted to him a remarkable vision. I will relate his experience in his own words as follows:—

"In the night between the 4th and 5th of October, 1826, I went to bed late, having been fully occupied in the preparation of my sermon for the following Sunday. I had not yet closed my eyes when the clock struck twelve, and spite of the darkness of the autumnal midnight, my room became suddenly so light, that I could clearly read all the names, and distinguish the colours of the books in my bookcase. I raised myself up in bed to discover the cause of this sudden light. Then did I perceive near my bed, as if he had dropped out of the clouds, the figure of a man, clothed in a shepherd's dress, exactly similar to the one that I had, when a child, received as my Christmas gift. I rubbed my eyes, for I thought I must be asleep, but only the more clearly did I behold the magical illumination, and the figure standing near the bed. The figure turned towards me a shining crook (or more correctly speaking, *scoop*), upon which appeared to be written in let-



ters of light\*—‘NINTH OF OCTOBER.’ I endeavoured to look at the face of the figure, but the form and the light had disappeared.

“Darker than ever the night closed in around me, and no sound broke the silence, except the striking of the hours from the near church clock. Though I had felt no alarm during the apparition, a strange mesmeric feeling crept over me now, though the vision in itself had exhibited nothing alarming. I struck a light, and endeavoured to occupy myself with reading, and so induce sleep to return; and never in all my life had morning been yearned for so earnestly. Morning at length dawned, and having greeted the welcome light, not without my usual prayer, I entered in my diary the words, ‘*Ninth of October.*’”

Thus did my friend relate to me on the morrow what had occurred during the night; and we all awaited anxiously the ninth of October, wondering what it should bring forth for us. The day arrived and passed over for us all without any apparent event of the slightest importance.

But that which the ninth of October had really brought with it, the twelfth of October did not fail to reveal. On that day arrived the official document appointing my friend as pastor of our parish, the hope for which, for some time past owing to various reasons, had appeared hopeless, and it bore the date—“THE NINTH OF OCTOBER.”

A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

### “TWELVE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON.”

THIS book, announced some time ago as in the press, by Mrs. Fletcher, has come to hand, and a very pretty handful the Boston publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepherd, have made it—a really elegant book of about four hundred pages, daintily printed on fine paper, and with beautiful type. In paper, printing, and engraving, the Americans may challenge the world, as any one may see in *Harper's Magazine*, or the *Century*.

And Mrs. Fletcher's narrative of her life from infancy, her experiences as a medium, her crossing the Atlantic to meet the charges of crime made against her in England, her trial and imprisonment, and the marvels in regard to which there is abundant independent testimony, leave nothing to be desired—nothing on the part of this heroic and much suffering martyr. It was heroic of her to come to England to meet the fate she was distinctly

\* In certain districts on the Continent, and also in the East, shepherds instead of a crook at the end of their staff, have a sort of scoop, or spoon, with which to fling small clods of earth after their sheep.

warned awaited her. She had the Government, the press, the judges, the jury against her—all eager and determined to convict; and the witnesses to her honesty and fidelity were not allowed to testify.

Twelve witnesses were called as to character—not one as to facts—though there were some in court who knew all the circumstances. One witness as to character, who was also one of Mrs. Fletcher's bail, had been a Middlesex magistrate for half a century. It was of no use. There was an ignorant and prejudiced Old Bailey jury, and an Old Bailey judge of the strongest old Newgate type. The sole wonder is that he did not sentence his victim to penal servitude. There have been many books written by prisoners—victims of injustice and tyranny—but never one more wonderful, or more pathetic, than this story of "Twelve Months in an English Prison."

The only typographical error we have discovered in Mrs. Fletcher's book is a too easy mis-spelling of the name of her friend and prison correspondent, the Calcutta merchant, Mr. J. E. Meugens, printed "Mengens." Writers should make all proper names like print, because at proper names the sense ceases to guide the printer. "London" and "Loudon" look the same in manuscript.

And Mr. Meugens deserved to have his name fairly given. He stood bravely by Mrs. Fletcher from first to last. He telegraphed money from India for law expenses; he corresponded with her by Spirit-post when she was in prison, receiving answers to his letters on paper he had marked, and in her unmistakeable handwriting, in Calcutta, on the day in which they were written.

The testimony as to these stupendous facts leaves no room for doubt. Bringing known articles, letters, fruits, flowers, etc., moderate distances into closed rooms, is a common experience with Spiritualists. Mr. Serjeant Cox testified that he had had, as he expressed it, "a cartload" of flowers brought into his locked library. Dr. Nichols has given an account of letters, written in her prison cell, being brought to his residence in South Kensington, some two miles distant, and not only into a closed and locked room, but into the closed hands of the person to whom it was written. But all the way—all the six thousand miles of land and sea, deserts, and mountains—from Calcutta to London, and from London to Calcutta!—It takes one's breath away, but the testimony to the facts is clear and decisive.



But if the spirits can instantly convey a written paper, or other article, a mile—why not a hundred or a thousand miles? What do we know of limits to their powers? If bulky articles are brought into closely fastened rooms; if knots are tied on endless cords, as with Slade at Leipzig, and Eglinton in London; if chairs are threaded upon the arms of two persons firmly holding hands, even when the wrists were tied together with firm cotton thread, as certified by Dr. Nichols, how shall we limit spirit-power?

No doubt Mrs. Fletcher's beautiful, eloquent, and most pathetic and wonderful "Twelve Months in an English Prison" is replete with things that will try the faith of many readers; but it is certain that it is written in good faith from first to last, and can be supported at every point by analogous facts in the experience of thousands. Therefore it will be widely read, and therefore it will be believed.

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### *THE DIRECT VOICE AND DIRECT MUSIC.*

A SITTING WITH MRS. EVERITT.

BY S. C. HALL.

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ON Friday, 18th July, 1869, I attended a sitting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, 26 Penton Street, Pentonville.

There were present, the Countess de Pomar (now Countess of Caithness), Miss Anna Blackwell, Mr. Nisbet (printer), of Glasgow, Mrs. Nisbet, and Mr. C. W. Pearce (the three last named I had not previously seen, the two first named accompanied us to the house), and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The room in which we met is small, and the evening was intensely hot; so hot that the usual window curtains had been removed; the "atmosphere" was therefore unfavourable, and more than an hour passed before manifestations commenced.

The peculiar manifestation associated with the medium, Mrs. Everitt, is what has been termed "audible voices;" that is to say, voices apparently human, so far as tone and language are concerned, are heard; not in isolated words, or detached sentences, but in conversations—continuing during an hour or more uninterruptedly. These sittings are always in the dark; there must be, indeed, total darkness. Also, a paper tube is to some extent a necessary accompaniment of these sittings; the spirit who speaks



is understood to speak through it. I say, "to some extent," for on this occasion (and on a previous occasion) at my request, the spirit spoke for some minutes without the tube, telling me this: "The tube is not necessary, but we condense in it the breath of the medium, and we are thus able to use her for a longer time; we do not, as some think we do, speak by her lips." When the spirit spoke without the tube, it was the same voice, only it had lost the peculiar tone it had received in passing through the tube.

The spirit who speaks by the aid of the medium calls himself "John Watt;" his language is remarkably refined; there is no taint of vulgar intonation or common phraseology, such as we almost invariably meet in persons of comparatively humble condition, and uneducated. On my remarking this, and asking him had he been in a high or low position while in this life, he replied, "I was in what you would call a low position; I was a mechanic engineer; but I have progressed greatly since I left earth." I asked him how long that was: he answered, "Of your time it is thirty-two years, and I had been thirty years on earth when I was called from it." The voice is clear, each word being distinctly heard in a loud whisper, neither slowly nor rapidly; the enunciation is sometimes emphatic, and generally impressive.

Why darkness is a requisite, and why a tube should be an auxiliary at such sittings, I do not guess farther than I have explained; but in all such cases (and that to which I am referring, although by far the most perfect and the "holiest" of any of which I have heard—by no means a solitary case of the kind—audible voices) both seem to be essential. I proceed with details from the commencement to the end of the "sitting" I have undertaken to describe.

While the party was being arranged about a large square table (and the arrangement was not a matter of chance, but was made by some unseen power dictating by raps), the heavy table and the entire room were repeatedly and strongly shaken, the chairs on which we were seated were shaken and moved (that was before the light was put out). We were then directed (still by raps) to read the sixth chapter of the Acts,\* which I did; and then to pray; which we all did, silently, but I believe fervently; my own prayer was mainly that God would keep from us all evil influences,

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\* A circumstance that had occurred to me some weeks before made the last verse of this chapter peculiarly applicable and impressive.

and give us only the influences of the holy and the good. After waiting more than half an hour, the medium became entranced; she was apparently rigid, her eyes were closed, and she seemed to have lost all will. She was moved, seemingly by no power of her own, to seat herself upon another chair about a foot from the end of a cottage piano. Leaning sideways over the treble end of the instrument, which was closed, she made passes as though magnetising it. No sooner had she ceased to make passes over the piano than we distinctly heard the upper strings vibrating, and producing soft, wild snatches of sound, something like the distant tones of an *Æolian* harp. All this time the medium sat passive, her hands on her lap distinctly visible by the light of a candle, at the distance of a foot from the piano. She had placed the tube on the top of the piano, and the candle was extinguished. Soon we heard a tramp, tramp of measured footsteps in all parts of the room, and presently a whispering voice sounded from the direction of the medium—"The blessing of God and the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, dear friends; I fear I shall not do much to-night; the atmosphere is unfavourable; I cannot see you clearly; the room is full of mist."

The persons present, each and all, then questioned the spirit John Watt. It would extend this notice far too much to give in detail the conversation that now ensued. To some of our questions the spirit replied, "I do not know;" to others, "I am not permitted to answer that." To one lady he said, "You desire to know too much of too many things in Spiritualism; you are like the butterfly that goes from flower to flower and gets nothing." Mrs. Hall asked him if he prayed in the sphere in which he now was. He answered, "Certainly." Prayer was continual with them, not in phrases, but in spirit; and he quoted—repeating them slowly and with remarkably grave emphasis—these two well known verses by James Montgomery:—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed:  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear:  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near."

Not remembering at the moment the author of these verses, I asked him by whom they were written, but he did not know.

Among other things, John Watt told us that persons should never come to sittings in dresses of silk—silk being a non-conductor of electricity. Dresses should be of cotton or wool, which have also the advantage of not rustling.

On a previous occasion I had asked him as to the form he now had. He said it was the body he had on earth, spiritualised—a spiritual body. "But," I said, "if you had been hunchbacked while on earth, how would it be now?" He said, "I should have no hunchback here; but if I was visible to you (which I could be, but not with this mediumship) I should appear to you with a hunchback in order that you might recognise me." I had asked him if I had known him on earth whether I should know him in his present condition. On that occasion he brought with him a little boy who told, in a boy's small voice, a touching story of his sad experience and death by violence on earth, and of his present happy state.

Several times, during the sitting I am describing, we saw lights in various parts of the room; they resembled that which is given out by the glow-worm; but one was much larger, apparently six inches in length. I asked John Watt to explain them; he said he could not do so then—he must soon leave us, for the medium was becoming exhausted; but before he left us he hoped we should hear the music he knew we all desired to hear.

It was explained by Mr. Everitt that his wife's guardian spirit sometimes brought with her several child spirits, who played on the piano that occupied one part of the room. He hoped that manifestation might be given to-night. We waited patiently. The candle was then directed to be lit, by raps demanding the alphabet, and we saw the medium seated as she was when she first occupied the chair, rigid, her eyes closed, and apparently unconscious; the tube on the top of the piano, her right arm leaning on the piano, supporting her head. The light was again extinguished, when sounds issued from the piano; the keys seemed to be lightly struck several times; its cover was down, it was an ordinary cottage piano, the top was covered with books, a heavy inkstand, and two china candlesticks (they had been placed there from the table, when it was cleared for us to sit; it was subsequently closely inspected by me and by others). To have removed the top, in order to set free the front, would have been a work of time and noise, some of us were seated within two feet of it, and the room is very small.



Suddenly we heard a faint, sweet melody, not played on the keys, but on the wires; it was as if a harp was played, just such as I have heard from a player on the Welsh harp, where all the strings are wires: the melody continued for full five minutes; those present who are musical describe it as of great beauty, and great originality; it was sometimes louder and sometimes softer—dying away at length into a murmur of sound, and having an echo, so to speak, of inexpressible delicacy and sweetness.

Mrs. Hall says: "The touch on the keys of the piano was like a *child's touch*, picking out one note after the other; but that on the wires was the touch of an accomplished player, feeling melody, and understanding harmony, and especially expression."

John Watt, when it was over, said, "I am very glad you have heard that music." Mrs. Hall asked, "Have you any music where you now are?" "Oh," he said, "music infinitely more beautiful than that." He told us the guardian spirit of Mrs. Everitt had told him that morning why she was specially permitted to attend upon her. Her name was Anne Blower (the name has long been known to Mr. and Mrs. Everitt). He said, "This morning Anne told me what made her wish to be with Mrs. Everitt. When she was a little girl at school, Anne was her teacher, and as teacher she recommended all the girls to get a little book, and set down in it all good and evil thoughts—all good and evil actions—that occurred to them, or that they had done. There were a few girls who got the books, and began attending to their teacher's advice, but all except one failed in the perfect truthfulness that was required—they did not enter what was against themselves, only what was in their favour—but Mrs. Everitt put down *everything*; she was perfectly true, and that won the heart of Anne so much that she desired to be with her to help her, because she was and is true." After that John Watt said, "I must go now, but not without my prayer: May God and our Lord Christ bless you, comfort you, help you, and give you happiness in this world, and in that to which in due time you will come. May His light guide you, and His help be with you here and hereafter. Amen."

The sitting closed, the candle was re-lit, and the medium was as I have described her.

Now, I have merely related the facts as they occurred during the two hours occupied in the sitting. I could of course add much. We asked at least fifty questions, to most of which the

spirit gave us not only intelligent, but singularly terse and sensible replies.

Fraud is out of the question; it is a sheer impossibility that a human hand could have played on the wires of the piano, removing and replacing the top and front, and the books and other things placed on the top.

The medium is—I do not speak it disrespectfully—not an educated person; she cannot play on any musical instrument; she has never under any circumstances received payment for the exercise of her gift; she is the wife of a humble though highly intelligent man, in trade a tailor; and in no way could he or she be benefitted by these manifestations; indeed the contrary is the fact.

But I say fraud was impossible during the five evenings I have witnessed these manifestations, accompanied by several persons as scrupulously, nay, as suspiciously inquiring as myself. Such sittings—and some even more astonishing than this—are of frequent occurrence in this house. But two of these sittings, nearly as remarkable as the one I have been describing, took place in my house. Moreover, I trust I shall induce belief (as I believe) that there are few persons so utterly abandoned to evil as solemnly to ask God's blessing on a pre-arranged and pre-determined fraud; that a man and woman largely esteemed and respected in all the relations of life, good as parents, friends, and neighbours, could be so entirely wicked as blasphemously to implore God's aid, and then wilfully to devise a profitless cheat.

I am sure that they themselves believe in these manifestations as truly as Martha and Mary believed in the raising from death of Lazarus, their brother. And I do not for one moment hesitate to express *my* entire conviction that these manifestations are real, true, holy, and emphatically for good; and that Mrs. Everitt is as guiltless of fraud as Mrs. S. C. Hall or any other of her guests.

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We, who were present at the sitting on the 18th of July, testify to the accuracy of the above details.

ANNA BLACKWELL.  
M. DE MEDINA DE POMAR.  
ANNA MARIA HALL.  
HAY NISBET.  
HELEN NISBET.

*SPIRIT TEACHINGS.*

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A SOLID belief in Spiritualism, based upon facts of our own observation, or credible testimony, greatly changes the aspects of life. To live out our brief earthly existence, whether it last a few hours or a hundred years, and then subside into nothingness is one thing. To find bodily death the portal of spirit life, with higher powers of knowledge and enjoyment, with the certainty of living on and on in endless progression and development, is a very different matter.

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" the wonders, the splendours, or the enjoyments of the higher phases of the spirit life; but every one must grow and be educated into the capacity for such enjoyments. Life, here or hereafter, has no sudden changes. The man who dies a fool does not wake up on the other side with the wisdom of Solomon or Plato. There as here he must learn, and though his vision has a wider range, and all his faculties awaken, the mind opens like a flower, and does not burst like a bomb-shell.

One of the delights of the spirit life will be the acquisition of knowledge, as it is in this; and we cannot doubt that this process will be so gradual as to make it a prolonged, infinite, and eternal joy. A naturalist has declared that he could spend a whole life happily in the examination of so much of the works of Nature as he could cover with his hand. The freed spirit has a universe to explore, and all eternity for its enjoyment.

Onward and upward, forever and forever! "Excelsior!" but not to be frozen on an alpine peak. The spirits who come and talk with us of their life find some difficulties of explaining its character, because the conditions are so different. They move through space with the rapidity of thought—vision is vastly extended—the future is open to them—what to us is solid matter seems no obstacle to them. If we could imagine ourselves possessed of such powers we might have some idea of the spirit life.

A spirit we have often seen, heard and felt, and whose personality is as real and as well known to us as that of most of our acquaintances, says her employment in the spirit world is the care and education of some of the vast number of the spirits of little



children constantly entering the spirit world from our planet, the result of the terrible infant mortality caused by our ignorance, poverty, and vices. And as a great portion of the thousand millions who leave the earth every twenty or thirty years need more or less of spirit teaching in the next stages of life, there must be plenty of such employment.

Considering this, it may be well to do as much as we can, first to keep our children in this world long enough to make their first steps in the life of progress on which they have entered, and to make them so wise and good that they will enter on the next stage of life in some degree prepared for its avocations and enjoyments. For this we have some of the higher objects of our present life—sanitary reform, so that all may live well and live long; moral reform, that men and women may not fall into debasing vices; and educational reform, which may raise the whole standard of the present, perhaps also of the future, life.

These would bring about another and a deeper and more far reaching reformation. Every improvement of the Earth-life of humanity must give an earlier, fairer, higher beginning in the life to come. Civilised, enlightened, fairly developed men and women must enter the Spirit-life with striking advantages over ignorant savages—though many who are debased by the vices of civilisation may fall below those who are innocent, if uncultured. But a true civilisation makes men better as well as wiser, and whatever is really better for the present life is also best for the future.

Thus it is that the knowledge of the great fact of a future life, as seen in the light of Spiritualism, gives us the strongest motives for the reformation and perfection of this life which some enjoy and many endure. From the highest motives connected with the future life, we are bound to make the present life worth living, not only for a few of those who are able to grasp its riches and honours, but for the great masses of our fellow travellers toward the higher planes of life.

Certain changes seem necessary in human life to make the earth a more comfortable starting point for all the time to come. For example, when our sanitary conditions and habits of living are so improved that a large proportion of those who are born shall have the advantage of living through all the stages of the Earth-life, and fully enjoying the education it was intended to give us, means will be found, in the progress of civilisation, to put an end to the ravages, demoralisation, and slaughter of war. Gather-

ing men by thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, and training them to kill each other is in no way a good preparation for the life to come. War belongs to the lower, coarser, more brutal phases of humanity. Doubtless the time must come when war will seem to us horrible in itself, and disgraceful to one party, and generally to both parties engaged in it. A little more of wisdom, statesmanship, and humanity might have prevented all the wars that have ravaged our planet.

Perhaps a greater evil, because perpetual and almost universal, is the action of human selfishness, greed, and injustice. Naturally the earth, and all its riches and productiveness, is the common property of man. No one has a natural right to more than his fair and equal share of land, and what it produces or is stored beneath it. Iron, copper, silver, gold, and the vast stores of coal, marble, and other minerals are naturally the common property of the race. He who gets more than his rightful share by fraud or force, "the same is a thief and a robber." This is, no doubt, the dreadful creed of Socialism and the Bible, but it is precisely the view taken from the Spiritual world of the injustices and inequities of this.

The first work of spirits, in their manifestations, given now chiefly to demonstrate the fact of the reality of a Spirit-life, is to institute and organise a reign of righteousness upon the earth. The first duty of all men, and the best preparation for the life to come, is honesty. The very words right, righteous, righteousness, have acquired a perverted meaning. The truly righteous are they who do as they would be done by, and who love their neighbours—however poor, however degraded—as themselves.

Here is something the religions of our day do not reach, and which all our preachers have forgotten. This is why spirits come to prove to us that immortality is not a myth, and that *righteousness* is and must be a practical reality. Hell is the condition of those who have forgotten or refused to do what is *right*. Hell is the simple, natural result of all wilful wrong-doing. To say there is no hell for the wicked is a mere absurdity. It is an effect from a cause—necessary and inevitable. It is the natural condition of every conscious, wilful violator of human rights, from highest to lowest. In that queer kingdom of Satan, the Ducal Monopoliser who has drawn millions from usurped territories will find his place very far below that of the common hunger-driven thief.

Justice, kindness, love lead as naturally and inevitably to heaven as wrong-doing, cruelty, and hatred constitute a hell. Hell will last as long as the evils which make it. But all evils are for a time. Good is final and eternal. Justice, equity, uprightness, the right line, the perfect square, the attraction of pure love, the outflow of benevolence, all these things are mathematical, all eternal. The rough will be made smooth, and the crooked will be made straight.

All principles are self-existent and eternal. No thing is right *because* God commands it. He commands it because it is right, or it commands, or commends itself. Principles are self-evident, and need no authority. Two and two make four. The sum of the angles of every triangle equals two right angles. Clearly seen, all moral principles are just as simple, natural, inevitable as these. The spiritual world is only a higher plane of the physical. In all worlds our highest duty, and our highest interest, is to seek earnestly to know and to do the right.

Justice, mercy, truth, love, all the beautiful attributes of the Divine, are those which we naturally admire and seek to imitate. What one loves he will strive to be. If our way is difficult here, the change, near to all of us, will be the more welcome. Death is the portal to a higher life.

PETER AGATE.

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### RECORDS OF THE "HAFED" CIRCLE.

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SINCE the publication of the portly volume, "Hafed Prince of Persia," the communications made through the medium, Mr. David Duguid, while in the trance condition, have been recorded, till now the manuscript amounts to somewhere between three and four thousand 4to pages. The mass comprises Narratives, Tales, Addresses, Answers to Questions, etc., all possessing, more or less, those fascinating features to be found in the volume already issued. Notwithstanding this, and many requests from admirers of "Hafed" for the publication of more of these communications in book form, we have not, in the present state of the movement, been able to see our way to the issue of a second volume. Meanwhile, at the urgent request of some, and with permission of the editor, I purpose giving in the *Spiritual Record*, from month to month, extracts from our ever-increasing pile of



"Records." I need hardly say, that these communications from spirits out of the body must be judged according to their merits: or, in the words of Hafed, "If there is anything offensive, let him that is offended put it aside, and take that only which commends itself to him as good."

H. NISBET.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE—A CONTRAST.

*Does a knowledge of Spiritualism tend to make the birth easier into the Spirit-world?*

HAFED.—That question might be answered in two ways. A man may have a knowledge of Spiritualism, and yet his birth into spirit-life be no easier than in the case of one who had no knowledge; for, with such knowledge, he might not have acted up to its teachings. He might have a knowledge of lower things and yet be indifferent to those of a higher class. His entrance into the spirit-world would be no easier than his who knew nothing of it—perhaps much worse, for notwithstanding his knowledge, he failed or neglected to act in accordance with it; while the one who knew nothing, transgressing no law, might be in a better position. When a good man comes to lay down the mortal body, he goes to sleep like a child, and wakes up, as it were, from a dream of the past, to enter on a new career which is to last throughout eternity; and having lived a good and holy life in the earth body, he will find himself in a fitter condition than when on earth—the temptations of the material body having passed away—to progress, onward and upwards, towards the goal where he shall have rest. That rest which many may look on as hard labour, is a rest to him; for with it his mind will be at full liberty to expand, like the most rarified air, and go forth to that which his heart most desires. It may be to dive into the depths of the sciences. If he longs to study the planets, he can examine them, not now with the limited powers of earth-life, but with the spirit-sight: he can go to these planets himself; he can examine and know minutely what they really are, and by what power they are sustained in their revolving courses. If he found pleasure in the earth-life in the study of geology, he will now, in spirit-life, be able to look into the very bowels of the earth; it was merely the surface or crust he could get at before, now he can look into its very centre. That is a man who is, as it were, like unto a God; he shows now that he is indeed a "lesser divinity;" for he can handle, and work with, the laws of nature: he shall understand them, even how life comes to the seed, or how the germ grows into a mighty tree. But he who has run his course in evil and wickedness on earth, is but a poor object when he comes to lie down to die. He might, before the world, brave death, and say he cared not—he was ready to go; but when the time comes—when the Angel of Death begins to draw the cords asunder, then

the spirit tries hard to cling to the old body. But the Angel says—You must part; you have abode there long enough, and now to thy place in the spirit-world thou must go, there to abide till thou hast cast aside thy cloak of worldliness, so that the good influences which shall be nigh unto thee, may be able to penetrate to thy inmost, and fit thee for putting on the garments of life.

#### THE UNBELIEVER WAKING UP IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

*Is there some degree of confusion in the mind of one entering the Spirit-world who has denied its existence?*

HAFED.—Your question is rather difficult for one to answer who has had no such experience. I can only speak from what I have been told. One who in youth has had knowledge imparted to him of future existence and of the Great Spirit, but who, when he grew up to think for himself, began to doubt and throw aside that which he had been taught, should candidly weigh the early teachings of his youth, and think for a moment—not for moments, nor for minutes, nor for hours, but for days, weeks, and months, before casting them aside. Let him consider if anything in nature has the same power which he himself possesses—let him think for a moment that, though the greatest of all the animal creation, he yet cannot make life for himself: he may take it away, but cannot give it back. When such an one, who thinks the Great Spirit a myth, comes to die, and takes the leap from Earth to Hades, or hell, as you may call it, he wakes up, and, in doing so, finds he has learned something—he has learned that in dying he is not blotted out of existence, that he is still alive. But he sees no one but himself; there is no one to speak to—no one to communicate even a thought to; and thus he becomes one of the most miserable beings in creation. He goes wandering about until some of those who have loved him and whom he has loved on earth is able to come nigh:—perhaps a mother, who had taught him when a boy, something of the goodness of God. She approaches—*she* sees him, but he cannot as yet see her. But carefully and anxiously she watches over him—waiting patiently for the effect of her influence to touch the chord, so that it may vibrate, and reveal, even if but for a moment, her pure presence. When this is once accomplished, it is a hopeful case; now he begins to see that all those things he denied must be true; for he not only finds himself living, but he gradually perceives that there are others beside him. At last he gets to see the face of his mother, and from that time forward he advances, for there are always present those who are ready to help him on in an upward course. But if this individual had never known of God or a future life, having been born and brought up amongst those who believed in neither; though never taught these truths, he may have had a yearning after them. In this case, it would not be so hard with him, for he



knew no better; he was kept in the dark by those who knew better. Having this desire in him for something greater than himself, he enters the spirit-world—not into that dark condition or sphere, but he passes into the third, or it may be the fourth sphere—where he can see and be seen, and come under better and higher influences than on earth.

#### WHERE IS PARADISE?

*What do you understand to be the meaning of the statement of Jesus to the thief on the cross—"To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise"?*

HAFED.—We cannot tell how long that man may have been in a state of repentance before he was nailed to the tree. The way in which he addressed Jesus shows that he looked on him, not as an earthly king, but as a heavenly one. "This day with me in paradise!" Where is paradise? The whole spirit-world is paradise. From the dark depths of Hades to the highest Heaven is paradise to the good spirit. The good spirit finds no such place as you call Hell. He knows of such a condition of the soul. He knows that those who, on earth, have broken God's laws must undergo a certain amount of punishment. It cannot be otherwise. They must serve their term in that dark and miserable, and (to them) interminable condition. Ah, how long do the murderers, the adulterers, the evil-doers, and mischief-makers of earth continue to endure the inevitable results of their deeds: who can tell? But there is no relief till their thick, dark covering—their prison-house—becomes rent, and the influences of the bright ones find entrance. Then the poor, lost, wandering spirit begins to see as he never saw before, and takes his first step upwards. I have no doubt that this thief must have had some good qualities within him, hidden from his fellows, but seen by the Prince of Life. He may, while lying in prison awaiting his doom, have heard that He whom he and others had listened to, and whose precepts had sunk into the hearts of many, whom he had seen healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, and doing other wonderful things, was now condemned to die the same accursed death as himself. And he may have thought, on hearing of this, what a difference there was between him, the malefactor, and Jesus of Nazareth, and yet *He* was condemned to die—and to die with him! He would think it an honour to die with such a man—for was it not the case that Jesus was held by many to be the Messiah? And then, we know not the circumstances in which this man was placed when tempted to steal. All men are not alike constituted—all have not the same strength of will. Circumstances, over which they have but little control, lead them into evil-doing—they fall; while others resist by will-power and stand. This, in the eyes of men, may appear a matter mysterious. Why should it be thus?



But, so it is ; and yet there is no binding necessity—if the individual is possessed of reason—why he should choose the evil way instead of the good way. Were men to trust more in God and the spirit-world, there would be less of this falling before temptation. Be it yours to be cautious how you judge any one ; and knowing of God and of the spirit-world, bring that knowledge to bear on your unfortunate fellows, so that they may be led away from wrong-doing to the practice of virtue and truth.

"AT THE BAR OF GOD."

*In reply to a question on the General Judgment.*

HAFED.—When you come to lie on your bed of death, you will find that you are at the bar of God. Thence you depart into the world of spirits, and, according to your moral condition, will you find your place. He who hath those bright wings and shining face, whom you call Death, who is looked on with terror by so many, is the beautiful angel who stands waiting, ready to carry you off into the spirit-world. My body was like an old cloak, thrown aside when I crossed the river. It was of no further use to me. When I came to myself on the banks of the river, I found that I had got another body—a better, an enduring one—which wild beast or gladiator could not harm : one which would last me for ever.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

*Were you under spirit control when you spoke in unknown tongues on your earth travels ?*

HAFED.—How it was done I cannot exactly say ; but in all likelihood it was through the control of spirits acquainted with the languages used on these occasions. There are few nations on earth who have not had great men among them—benefactors—even like saviours to them, and who, though long away from the earth, still take a great interest in their welfare. When such spirits see they can get *in rapport* with some one, through whom to benefit brethren they love, they are ready to put forth their hands to help them. And could there be a better way to arrest their attention, than to hear the truth or message in their own tongue from the lips of one who could not speak the language ? "Come," they might say, "let us listen ; here indeed is something wonderful—one who knows nothing of our tongue, speaking to us in our own language ; let us hear what he has got to say." Such spirits generally controlled, so as to connect the address with the sacred books and the religious history of the people, and on the pure doctrines contained in these books their arguments in favour of reform were based ; and thus frequently were the pure teachings of the Prince of Peace brought before the people. The same power might be possessed now-a-days, if you would train yourselves to receive it. From my youth up to old age, I looked for no other thing than

spiritual teaching; but I had not the gift of tongues till I went out as an evangelist. It was perplexing. I could not understand what I was saying,—the words uttered seemed confusion to me, and yet the listeners understood what was said. As I went on, hour after hour speaking, the meaning of what I was saying gradually dawned on my mind; and then slowly I began to understand what the people meant when they spoke to me.

The following answers, some of them dated five or six years ago, contain predictions which are noteworthy in view of the present state of affairs in Egypt.

EGYPT, GREAT BRITAIN, RUSSIA, ETC.

*Is there any prospect of a famine occurring in this country?*

HARVEY.—Well, I would say, No. You have the whole world to supply you, and there is still corn in Egypt. A famine would require to spread over the whole earth before you would suffer; for you have intercourse with all the nations—your great ships sailing to all parts of the world, as foretold in the ancient Hebrew writings.

*Is it likely that Egypt will be acquired by Great Britain?*

HARVEY.—It must fall into your hands, as many more of them will do in course of time. Your language will become the universal language. I have begun to take an interest in my old country, which has fallen so far from its former eminence. But it appears to be getting forward again, and it will yet become a great corn-growing country.

*In reply to a question referring to the war in Afghanistan.*

HARVEY.—In course of time you, as a nation, will get mixed up with Russia, and she with you. There will then be only two Great Powers—Britain and Russia; while other powers of nations will be dependent on them. Seeing eye to eye, you will become, as it were, soldered into one, and ultimately drift into one harmonious band, co-operating in the great cause of truth and righteousness. The English race will spread over all the islands of the sea, and their language will in time become the chosen language of all these islands. (March 19, 1878.)

THE FUTURE OF EGYPT AND THE JEWS.

*In answer to questions.*

HARVEY.—Egypt will yet arise and hold her place among the food-growing nations of the earth, and that through the influence of this country of yours. People will yet learn the ancient method of how to cultivate Egypt.

The Jews will yet mix and intermix with the other nations of the earth. They have kept themselves too much by themselves.

If they continue to do so, they will die out. They will begin to mingle with other peoples, and inter-marry with those on whom they look as infidels. As for their country, it will never be as it has been. You cannot plough rocky soil, or do much with such a country as that of Palestine. (May, 1878.)

#### CYPRUS—FUTURE GREATNESS OF BRITAIN.

*Are you aware that our British Government have acquired the Island of Cyprus?*

HERMES.—It is just as I told you some time ago. Cyprus has been taken by you. But you will also possess Egypt, and all that quarter. May the Great and Mighty One bless you, and His ministering angels watch over you!

*Is Persia included in this statement of Hermes?*

HAFED.—Yes; even Persia, who had once under her sway 120 provinces. But your nation shall have more. You shall yet give laws to all the nations. The iron heel must stand fast. (July, 1878.)

#### THE COMING MAN—SUPREMACY OF BRITAIN.

*In reply to questions.*

HAFED.—The great Spiritual Teacher will come. He will speak in your language, which will then be understood by all. Your country is bound to extend her dominion over the whole world. The sun will never set on her principalities. Strange! It will be always shining on some part or other of her dominions. Persia will come under her (Britain's) rule. India will, if she has not already come; and Persia will follow. She will be one of your open gateways, or rather a sentinel to guard the gate. The Arab, likewise, must become one of you; and Egypt also shall be taken hold of, and the Red Sea will then be your highway to that great land of yours in the East. And all these nations will be the better for your rule; for your country will convey to them its spiritual character and bearing, opening up trade, and attending to their wants. And when the grand time comes they will look on your country as the Mother of Nations. The Hebrew nation is another which must be put right by your country. From the seed of Abraham came the Bright and Morning Star, and through Him all nations of the earth will be blessed. (February, 1879.)

#### EGYPT—WHAT SHE NEEDS.

*In answer to questions.*

HERMES.—Egypt will be herself once more. Though almost a desert now there will settle on her soil a people who will bring her back to her old glory. Egypt needs no great cultivation to make her fertile as of old. A few canals to draw water from the Nile will be required, so as to enable her to produce corn for



the supply of the nations. There are those who are looking after her spiritual interests also. (March 1st, 1879.)

HERMES.—I am still of opinion that Egypt must come to the front. A centre of civilisation at one time, she is now like a great monument of the past, standing up, pointing to the future. From her came forth the laws by which all nations must be guided. Her great buildings are now in ruins, but the day cometh when these shall be renewed; when the Nile shall so flow through the land that vegetation will become as luxuriant as in the days of old. What you call Turkey is but an upstart—not founded by the founders of nations. Your country has in its hands the interests of Egypt. That is what is intended. Egypt—once Great Egypt—must come under British rule, and through that rule she will again become great. Your gold will do a great deal toward acquiring this rule, for it will not be by force of arms, but by peaceable means: your merchants will buy her lands; they will settle there and spread out till she become a possession of Britain altogether. Then will your country find that Egypt is a great gateway to the world—that she commands indeed the whole Eastern world. (July, 1880.)

#### THE PREDICTIONS AS TO EGYPT.

*Some remarks were made regarding the state of Egypt, and the despatch of British troops to quell the rebellion.*

HAFED.—Yes, it requires purging; and this is but the beginning. You will find at the end that we in our predictions had not been far wrong. She must come under Britain. Her own seers, many centuries ago, when she was at her grandest and mightiest, predicted that. (June 21, 1882.)

#### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIVERSAL.

*In reply to questions.*

HAFED.—Small as your island is, your nation will become the greatest in the world. You will be the centre for the whole earth. You will be to the other nations what the sun in the heavens is to the planets—the great centre-point of attraction. The laws of the world will proceed from you. You are already a highly-favoured nation, spreading your skirts over all the earth; and the day is coming when the language you speak will become the universal language. The very fact that your nation has so much wealth stored up within her, that she can buy the nations round about her, will give her vast power in the world.

#### THE PAST OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The land you live in was once under frost and snow—ice-bound. What is called the North Pole was once one of the finest and most inviting spots on the face of the earth. If you dig in

that northern region, you will find both coal and iron, proving that vegetation must have flourished in that place at one time. That was when the great fiat of the Almighty went forth—not to make a new world, but to renew the earth, which came forth as a virgin to receive the hot embraces of the sun, causing vegetation to spring forth, the lower animals, and lastly man, and his mate—more glorious than himself—woman.

#### THE FUTURE.

Men are growing in wisdom day by day. Those who have gone before are pouring down their influence—acting as God's ministering angels to men, to give them a share of the wisdom they have received, that they may look forward to that which is to come, and be prepared to drive away all evil influences. That great curse [intemperance] which is in your midst, which degrades mankind,—sweep it away. When you have got rid of it, then shall those who are far sunk in its deep pit be raised up, and then shall you become a great nation. When you have become lawgivers to the nations, then will the Great Spiritual Lawgiver be manifested to the world, and we of the spirit-world will speak with you face to face.

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### AMERICAN MEDIUMS AND MANIFESTATIONS.

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AS the new outpouring of Spiritual phenomena had its beginning in America, whence it rapidly spread over the civilised world, we naturally expect that a country so favoured should continue to be the scene of remarkable manifestations, and we are as naturally interested in the progress and the apparent results of the new dispensation.

The reasons why America was chosen as the theatre for the earliest of these displays of spirit power are not far to seek. There is more activity and pliability of mind in a new country than in older ones—less prejudice—less conservatism—less bigotry. In old countries people love and cling to ideas, beliefs, and institutions, simply because they are old. In new countries they are fond of novelties. An English shopkeeper advertises his business as established in some former century—the further back the better. The American makes the brand newness of his establishment, and the novelty of everything about it the chief attraction. One result of this natural disposition in a new country was that when the believers in Spiritualism in European countries

could only be counted in hundreds, they were estimated in millions in America.

Then there was no Established Church in America. An establishment naturally claims the regulation of all Spiritual matters. There are many Episcopalians in America, using an expurgated Anglican book of common prayer; there are plenty of Presbyterians of a milder type, there are millions of Roman Catholics—but none of them claim or exert the powers of the two Established Churches in Great Britain. Presidents and Governors of States give a quasi recognition of religion by proclaiming days of thanksgiving, and of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, once a year for all denominations. There are chaplains appointed or selected for Congress, State Legislatures, and the Army and Navy—but they may be of any creed, or not much of any. Chaplains of Congress have been Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic. During one session all the clergy in Washington were invited to pray in rotation.

In America there was therefore a freer field for Spiritualism than in any well established country, with less conservatism to encounter. In a country where there are five or six denominations of Christians, in a town of as many thousand inhabitants, each with its flourishing church, or meeting house, there could be no opposition to a new society or a new belief.

And there was the "camp-meeting," which had been from the beginning an American institution in both politics and religion. Where cloudless skies can be depended upon for weeks together, the pleasantest place for public meetings of any kind is the grove or the forest. People gather from a large area, erect tents, build shanties, and have a week or two of preaching, praying, singing, and then go home refreshed by their pious "outings." The American Spiritualists have adopted this old American institution, and every summer, in perhaps a dozen localities all across the Continent from Maine to Oregon, hold Spiritualist camp-meetings with no end of mediums, trance speakers, séances, manifestations, and "a good time generally." In the older States the same ground, the most convenient and beautiful that can be found, commonly by the sea side, or some river or lake, is occupied year after year, and cottages, and even large hotels, are erected for the temporary accommodation of the crowds of visitors not provided with tents. There are also tents for hire, and beds furnished. Mediums have their tents and give séances in the intervals of



the public exercises, while the various Spiritualist newspapers are filled with reports of the addresses, accounts of manifestations, and the gossip of these curious encampments.

In a word, Spiritualism in America is what they call "an institution." At an early day its phenomena were carefully examined and tested by men of science, like Professor Hare of Philadelphia, and Professor Mapes of New York, and by men of high political and judicial positions like the late Judge Edmonds, and Governor Talmadge of Wisconsin; and many of the best known Americans, as President Lincoln, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the just departed Wendell Phillips, were avowed Spiritualists.

Spiritualism is so far an accepted fact in America that daily and weekly newspapers of the largest circulation and influence—the *New York Tribune*, the *New York Times*, and leading newspapers in Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Chicago, etc., etc., publish regularly, and as a matter of course, accounts of any specially striking Spiritual manifestations. Thus the séances of Mr. W. Eglinton, one of the best English mediums, when he visited New York were carefully reported in the *New York Tribune*, one of the most influential newspapers in America, founded by Horace Greeley, one of the earliest converts to Spiritualism—if one can be called a convert who simply gives his testimony to the reality of observed phenomena.

It would be naturally presumed that in a country where what is called modern Spiritualism arose, and has so greatly flourished, there must be many mediums, and a great number and variety of manifestations. In fact our drawers are filled and our shelves are loaded with most interesting accounts of American mediums and manifestations, for which we can find no space. What we propose to do therefore is to make the best, the most interesting, and the most useful selection we can from this treasury of marvels—of miracles, if you like—to which this paper of generalities may be considered an introduction. It will be a serial—one, according to our view of the matter, of surpassing—of transcendent interest; yet every portion will be complete in itself, and the whole such an account of what is going on beyond the ocean in the great work of the spirit world as cannot fail to instruct and edify every one interested in the facts or the philosophy of the New Dispensation.

### THE "EXPOSURE" AT VIENNA.

A TELEGRAM in the *Daily News* of Feb. 15 announced that Mr. Bastian, the well-known American medium, had been exposed by a conspiracy of the Archduke John and the Crown Prince of Austria—in the usual fashion of breaking conditions and grabbing the materialisation.

Dr. T. L. Nichols, in *Light* of the 23rd, has a letter on the so-called "Exposure," which we quote:—

SIR,—As an investigator of Spiritualism during thirty odd years in America and Europe, as an intimate acquaintance and friend of several of the best mediums in the world, and as a personal friend of Mr. H. Bastian, who has for the past two years been a member of my family, and with whose character, gifts and manifestations I am very well acquainted, I ask your permission to give his account of the "Exposure," just telegraphed from Vienna.

The *Daily News* of February 13th has the following telegram—sent in brief, of course, and properly expanded:—

"Vienna, Tuesday night. Much amusement has been created here by an incident in which the Archduke John, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and a celebrated Spiritualistic medium, an American, named Bastian, took part. For many weeks the Spiritualists had tried to spread their views among the Vienna aristocracy, and scarcely a night passed in which séances were not held in some noble family. The Archduke John, desirous of understanding how even clever persons are deceived, invited Bastian to his palace. The Archduke and Prince Rudolph ordered some arrangements to be made privately, and when Bastian, who called the spirits in an adjoining room, made a tall figure in mourning appear before the awed spectators, the Crown Prince suddenly pulled a string which closed a secret door, and the spirit, who was no other than Bastian himself, tried to escape amid the laughter of the noble audience."

The *Globe* of February 14th has the story with some trifling variations. It says:—

"In the second part of the performance several visions had appeared. Suddenly a door closed with a bang behind the spirit, who was attired in mourning. Instead of disappearing as he ought to have done the imprisoned medium sought in vain for a way out and was seized amid general laughter."

The *Daily Telegraph* followed with an expanded telegram and a characteristic leader, denouncing all mediums as swindlers, who should be arrested by the police.

I have given accounts of séances with Mr. Bastian, in my own house, and under stringent test conditions, in which *seventeen* materialised spirit forms have appeared, of both sexes, and vary-

ing in size from a little child to a gigantic man. I have seen these forms slowly contract into a little mass of vapour, and appear to sink through the floor, and then gradually reform and grow to their full size again. I do not know of a more honest, simple-hearted, guileless man than Harry Bastian, and of few more intelligent and thoughtful, and I have never seen with any medium more satisfactory manifestations.

It is time his own story should be heard. This is not his first visit to Vienna. Born in America, of Alsatian parents, his first language was German. German princes and nobles are among his intimate personal friends. His last visit to Vienna was made at the invitation of a German baron who has long been an investigator of Spiritualism, on which he has written some valuable works.

Before the séance at the palace of the Archduke, Mr. Bastian offered to be searched, to make it certain that he had about him no costumes or apparatus. Their Imperial Highnesses refused. Bastian went into the little room, lay down on a couch, and was, as usual, entranced.

The materialisations went on—one spirit after another appearing in the usual way, until the princely conspiracy was ripe, and a sudden crash and blaze of light aroused him from his trance, and, dazed and half conscious, he found himself surrounded, and their Highnesses demanding his apparatus. They searched him and found a pair of gloves. By accident, he had not even a pocket handkerchief. They thought he had some little machine—some instrument by which he could produce the full-sized, fully-dressed forms of men and women—and even opened his purse to find it. Assuredly, any one *"could have done that"* as well as a Crown Prince or Archduke.

This is the simple story of the Vienna "Exposure." Greatly disgusted with the shabby and shameful treatment he had received, Mr. Bastian went to the railway station the same night, and took the train for London, where, I need not say, he was heartily welcomed by those who have known him long and well, and who know him to be an honest man, and a genuine and very remarkable medium.

Why the spirits allow of such exposures, which they could certainly prevent; why they seem at times to court this sort of publicity at the expense of their poor mediums, is a question that, not being a medium, and still confined and limited by my physical conditions, I am not able to answer.

The fact that many of the highest personages in the Austrian Empire are interested in Spiritualism is telegraphed all over the world, but Mr. Bastian would much prefer some other method of advertising. As at present advised, so would your obedient servant,



The *Daily Telegraph*, whose sensationalism at all hazards has given it the "largest circulation in the world," failed to get this precious news, and doubtless sent a sharp reminder to its Vienna correspondent, who quickly made up for his neglect, so that from his catch-words the editor of telegrams made up a quarter of a column, or it may have been simply expanded from the *Daily News*. Of course no one telegraphed that the Archduke Johann, or John, had composed a ballet or given a sensational lecture. That is padding. Nor do correspondents telegraph that "the second part of Bastian's entertainment was Spiritualistic materialisation, the grossest imposition practised by members of the medium profession."

The leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* is of the usual type. All mediums are knaves, and all Spiritualists are fools. They may be members of both Houses of Parliament, Fellows of the Royal Society, Professors of Universities, scientific men of world-wide celebrity—they are all alike idiots who should be placed in some asylum; while mediums are "a tribe of impostors," "impudent quacks," "rogues" engaged in a "nefarious business," "blaspheming and cozening," etc., etc.

The *Daily Telegraph*, like most London newspapers, has Spiritualists on its staff who perfectly well know from their own observation the reality of Spiritual manifestations. The editor-in-chief is a Spiritualist of the broadest type, yet the actual manager publishes a leading article full of actionable libels, one of which is the intimation that "*this daring rogue escaped scot free . . . may be no other than FLETCHER, alias BASTIAN.*" Of course this is quite safe. No medium, however grossly libelled, could hope for justice from a British jury, and any one accused under the still existing acts against pretending to practise witchcraft or necromancy would be pretty sure of conviction.

The *Daily Telegraph* does its best to light anew the smouldering Smithfield fires, and complains that "it is one of the most remarkable anomalies of our nineteenth century English jurisprudence that the same police authorities who prosecute some wretched hag, in an East End slum, for telling the fortunes of silly maid-servants, should suffer these well-dressed impostors to ply their equally mischievous calling without an attempt to bring them to justice."

The statement of the *Daily Telegraph* respecting the spirit manifestations, or clairvoyant powers, displayed by Mr. Fletcher

at his long series of Sunday evenings at Steinway Hall, which were attended by many persons of the highest rank, character, and intelligence, is of, even for this journal, remarkable audacity. It says—

"The preacher always had his decoys among the congregation, whose business it was to worm out the secrets of the worshippers, and during the sermon slip away and communicate to him the result of their labour. The regular business of the service at an end, he would pretend to fall into a trance, and while thus engaged would come forward and astonish some of the dupes with information concerning themselves and their deceased friends, obtained from his scouts, at the same time inviting them, if they desired to hear tidings of departed relatives, to visit him at his home, not mentioning that he meant to cheat them out of fees for ghostly interviews."

Of course this is an audacious libel without one particle of truth. There does not exist the slightest evidence that Mr. Fletcher ever employed a scout, or took any similar means to gather information, and there are scores, perhaps hundreds, of most intelligent and respectable men and women in London who would testify under oath that Mr. Fletcher had been for them a medium of revelations which they had never made, and which no one but a spirit could give. There are things of this nature that thought-reading and clairvoyance will not explain—where facts are given alike unknown to medium and sitter, but which are verified by future investigations.

As to Mr. Bastian, if his infinite disgust at the ungentlemanly, dishonourable, and disgraceful conduct of Austrian Archdukes, and Imperial Highnesses, and English newspaper editors does not make him abandon mediumship, one séance with proper tests and good conditions would settle the question of fraud. A London clergyman of the Established Church, who had strong doubts, not so much of Mr. Bastian as of the reality of the manifestations, was perfectly convinced by one private séance with Mr. Bastian, who completely undressed and dressed in his presence, and had every pocket and possible place of concealment examined, and then had a series of wonderful materialisations under conditions that made fraud impossible. And this absolute proof is open to any one who will take the trouble to seek it with Harry Bastian, William Eglinton, the blind medium, Cecil Husk, and many other well known and reliable mediums for spirit manifestations.



The late Cromwell Varley, the eminent electrical engineer, said no scientific man had ever thoroughly examined and tested the phenomena called spiritual without becoming convinced of their reality. A hundred such men have so examined, and been convinced. Is it probable that all these men have been the dupes of impostors, who could at any moment be unmasked? Is it in the least likely that men like Professor De Morgan, William Howitt, Robert Chambers, William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Professor Zöllner, and so on for pages, examining and testing in their own homes, with all the appliances of science, and the aid of friends, have been the dupes of vulgar charlatans and impostors?

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*"PSYCHOLOGY IN ART."*

*To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL RECORD.*

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SIR,—As a sequel to the very interesting article which appeared in your last issue under the above title, your readers may be glad to know that Gabriel Max is not by any means unacquainted with the facts or phenomena of Spiritualism. During the autumn of 1879, I had the pleasure of meeting him in Munich, and gave two séances at his residence there, at which remarkable manifestations occurred, with which the artist was much impressed. These séances were, I believe, the first he had attended—but there can be no doubt that the great painter is a medium himself, an impression I had at the time, subsequently confirmed on a second and longer visit to Munich in 1880. The "Spirit Hand" was, I think, produced after my first visit to that city, and may have been the outcome of the impressions left upon Max's mind by the phenomena he had witnessed. Curiously enough, he is the very semblance of Poe in features, and his nature, as far as I observed it, is also like that of the mystic poet. Very truly yours,

W. EGLINTON.

12 Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, W.

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Mr. Wendell Phillips, one of the most eloquent of American orators, and most radiant of politicians, has just died at the age of 73. He stood side by side with Garrison in their long fight for the freedom of the negro, and being like Garrison, a Spiritualist, they fought no less valiantly for the freedom of the whites—for mental freedom everywhere.



*EDITORIAL NOTES.*

After a long absence in America, Mr. Colville, the well-known trance-speaker, has returned to London, where he is giving Sunday discourses and week-day drawing-room séances, with all the acceptance and success which have for so long attended the exercise of his remarkable gifts.

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A musical reception was given to Mr. Colville early in February at Neuermayer Hall, which included, of course, an address and poems; but all such manifestations seem more satisfactory as evidences of Spiritual power in the smaller circles of a drawing-room séance, where a few friends meet of an afternoon or evening, all known to each other, and able to secure harmonising conditions.

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Of such a séance Dr. Nichols writes us as follows:—

“We had Mr. Colville last night with a few friends, and a delightful as well as surprising séance. A lady, who is the best pianist I know, gave us some appropriate music to begin with, and among its delightful harmonies the medium was entranced. The control proposed that we should first ask questions, and then give subjects for poems. I asked—Can our spirit friends give us any light upon the question of the hour—what can be done for ‘out-cast’ and ‘horrible’ London? In all that has been written upon the subject, I have seen nothing so clear, so comprehensive, so wise, and so satisfactory as the answer given through Mr. Colville. Of two things one: either he is far in advance of all our statesmen, philanthropists, and philosophers, or he was truly inspired to answer my questions. Had he studied the subject for months, he could not have been more luminous in its treatment. I am very sorry not to have a verbatim report of that remarkable exposition to send to Sir Charles Dilke or Mr. Gladstone. Nothing that has appeared in the newspapers or reviews of the last three months has been any approach to this discourse for practical wisdom.

“The next question as to the usefulness of spiritual investigations, from a young man in doubt as to utilities, was a most satisfactory exhibition of the claims and uses of the great fact of spirit-life, power, and destiny—of Spiritualism as a science and a religion.

“Two subjects were given for poetical treatment—The loving communion of the two worlds, and that trial of human faith—the toleration of evil by a Creator infinite in wisdom, power, and goodness.

"The two subjects were blended and interwoven in a flow of rapid and admirable versification, without a moment's pause, which, if it failed with any to 'vindicate the ways of God to Man,' did not fail to satisfy us all of the marvellous intellectual force at work to produce so beautiful an improvisation."

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So far Dr. Nichols. The idea of such friendly drawing-room séances seems to us a very striking improvement upon the usual five o'clock teas of fashionable London; and those who attend them may probably be induced to take an interest in the more formal Sunday services. Also, we may say that if subjects are given, and questions asked of a practical social character, the light thrown upon them from the world of spirits may be of the greatest utility.

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We do not wish to overrate the direct value of trance-speaking as an evidence of spirit-existence or spirit-power. Tests that are very satisfactory may be so given—but as a rule other forms of manifestation, such as direct-writing, materialisation, etc., are more striking proofs; but each kind leads to the other. So that the end is reached it does not much matter about the beginning.

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SIGNOR DAMIANI, in *Light* of 9th February, gives notice of the death of the well known medium, Mrs. Mary Marshall. She died of liver disease and dropsy, 21st January, at the age of forty-two. Sig. Damiani says:—"Having known her for nearly twenty years, I always found her kindly disposed towards all men, disinterested, patient under very great trials, and generous to the poor. May these good qualities have proved the forerunners of a bright state in the world of spirits."

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*The Boston (U.S.A.) Globe* brings us a notice of Mrs. Susan Willis Fletcher's Autobiography, entitled, "TWELVE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON," and the *Banner of Light* of the same date announced its speedy publication. The publishers expect, from their advanced orders, a large sale, and there is little doubt that it will make a wide and deep sensation, as indeed it ought.

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Mrs. Fletcher's book is not merely an account of her trial, with its infatuated denial of all justice, when the mouths of witnesses whose testimony would have cleared her were shut by the trick of

including them in the indictment, and when all other testimony really bearing on the case was silenced by the ruling of the court, and of the brutal year's imprisonment in Tothill Fields, since condemned and abandoned as totally unfit and unsanitary, and which has cost her two years of terrible suffering,—it is the story of her life from her birth to the end of her imprisonment, and of her mediumship, from the marvels of her childhood to those wonderful and perfectly attested manifestations in and from her prison cell.

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Some of these have seldom if ever been surpassed. We have the statement of friends and correspondents that letters were brought from her to them, in her well-known handwriting, from her locked cell into closed rooms, miles away. Some of these letters by Spirit-post still exist, and can be proved like other documents.

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Matter and space are no obstacles to spirit power. Letters written in Calcutta by friends of ours were, during the same day in which they were written, read by Mrs. Fletcher in her cell in London, and her answers, in one case written on sheets of paper marked on the same day in Calcutta, were, within a few hours, taken from London to India.

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"Twelve Months in an English Prison" is full of marvels; but aside from these, it is in both matter and style a very remarkable book. Those who had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Fletcher on the rare occasions when she spoke at Steinway Hall, in London, or at private circles under spirit influence, know how eloquent and charmingly gifted she could be on such occasions. Those who know her best will expect much of this book of her imprisonment, and they will not be disappointed. From cover to cover it is full of most interesting and marvellous matter, and it is destined, beyond a doubt, to do a great work for Spiritualism.

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Once more "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Mrs. Fletcher has had three years of terrible suffering for being a Spiritualist. Otherwise the charge against her, the spiteful charge of a jealous, unprincipled woman, would never have been listened to, or she would have had a fair trial, and could not have been convicted. She was condemned as a Spiritualist—punished for being a Spiritualist, and has ever since, stretched helpless on a bed of pain, suffered her long martyrdom.



No doubt there are Spiritualists in England, as there may be in America, who have been prejudiced against Mrs. Fletcher. Is there a living medium who has not plenty of enemies? All we have to say to those who, for any reason or no reason, think ill of Mrs. Fletcher, is, read her "Twelve Months in an English Prison."

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The manner in which "Twelve Months in an English Prison" is reviewed in American newspapers is very remarkable. *The Capital*, a Washington newspaper, gives two closely printed columns of extracts and comments, headed,—"A New and Startling Book,—'Twelve Months in an English Prison,'—Spiritual phenomena which will baffle every reader." The writer says:—

"The author of this volume is a medium, well known in Boston, and indeed throughout all New England. If Mrs. Fletcher is better known to Spiritualists than to others, it is because she has moved almost wholly in Spiritualistic circles. No person, whether in or out of her acquaintanceship, has openly questioned her veracity, her candour, or the righteousness of her cause. Whatever may be said of her book, however much one may be perplexed by her astounding assertions, there is no reason for doubting either the motive or honesty of purpose on the part of the writer."

The Old Bailey trial, with its utter denial of justice, is very emphatically condemned—too strongly indeed to be safely quoted, and the reviewer closes his notice with the following words:—

"Such is the briefest outline of this remarkable book, which is destined to create a profound impression wherever the language is spoken. No person, after viewing the evidence herein offered, will for a moment doubt the innocence of the author of the charge for which she suffered. A Smithfield martyr never went more heroically to the stake than did Mrs. Fletcher to her cruel, unmerited doom at the hands of English injustice. But the deed has been done; the true story is at length presented to us; the heart of the story is the heart of a noble, honest woman. The narrative conveys its own lesson, which cannot be mistaken or misapplied. While we read we are amazed, and while we reflect upon these wonderful passages we instinctively ask: What answer?"

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Mr. JAMES PAYNE, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, gives among his "Reminiscences of Eminent Persons" an interesting account

of a visit to Miss Harriet Martineau at Ambleside. They talked of Mesmerism and Spiritualism. Mr. Payne says:—

"We continued our tour of her little territory, and inspected the stall-fed cows, which were themselves not unknown to fame, as having been subjected to the influences of mesmerism. For my own part, I never believed in these marvels. I entertain a Philistine scepticism upon the subject of most 'isms,' and at that time was very much inclined to laugh at them in a very disrespectful manner; but I never laughed at Harriet Martineau, though often with her. There was a tender as well as an earnest gravity about her when expressing her views that nipped ridicule in the bud. Her belief in Spiritualism was indeed a severe trial to me, but as she took the epidemic in a very favourable form—'I believe in Spiritualism,' she used to say, 'but not in the spirits,' just as my other friend took her political economical tales without the political economy—so much of consent as arises from silence was possible for me to give."

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SIR THOMAS BROWN, like all the philosophers of his day, believed in witches, who were the mediums of that period, some hundreds of whom in England, and many thousands in Europe, were burned, hanged, or drowned. In his learned work, "*Religio Medici*," he says—"For my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches." Again, he writes—"I do think many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits." Upon the hypothesis that there were no witches and never have been any, what are we to think of legislators and judges from Moses to Sir Matthew Hale? What of English bishops, clergy, magistrates, juries that convicted, and judges who sentenced witches to death, and sovereigns who signed warrants for their execution—in the days of Bacon and Shakespeare?

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The extraordinary power of spirits over matter has been shown in many ways. The tying of knots upon an endless cord, in the presence of the medium, Dr. Slade, as described and photographed by the late Professor Zöllner at Leipzig, and repeated in London with Mr. Eglinton, in the presence of Dr. Nichols, who prepared and held the cord, is one mode. Threading a common chair upon the arm of a person while he holds the hand of the medium, is another. Dr. Nichols, after this had been done to himself, tested the phenomenon by tying the two wrists together with fine cotton thread.

Solid, close-fitting iron rings have been placed upon, and then removed from the necks of mediums. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of intelligent living witnesses to a great variety of facts which any ordinary philosopher would at once declare impossible. In fact, *every* Spiritualist manifestation—the thousands occurring day by day all over the world, are what our scientific friends would call impossible—a word grown obsolete, and which might as well be dropped out of our dictionaries.

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Miss SUSAN E. GAY, an English lady, well known to London Spiritualists, and now lecturing on Spiritual and reformatory subjects in America, writes the following description of a newly-developed musical medium to the *Banner of Light*. Miss Gay says:—

“The first spirit announced himself as John Sebastian Bach, and, speaking in English with a strong German accent, he turned to a small harmonium-organ, and announced his intention to give us a sonata in D Minor, in four movements. Of these he gave the *adagio* in G Major, *scherzo* and *prestissimo*, and in such a way as to make one realise that the master’s hand, indeed, controlled the keys. The music was *grand*—extraordinary, considering the character of the instrument—and the spirit-power present thrilled us all. I judged that several spirits were present, who were attracted to that pure sphere of harmony, and had formed a band for the purpose of aiding each other, and fully developing the medium for these manifestations; and, after Bach had ceased, my impression was confirmed by the control of a spirit calling himself John Rink, who said he would perform a piece which had never been published, and which we might perhaps never hear again. He then played and sang a most beautiful *Ave Maria*, which had alternate touches of pathos and grandeur in it I do not think I have ever heard excelled. We subsequently enjoyed a song, and an improvisation on a theme which I gave myself, and which was responded to without a moment’s hesitation in both words and music.”

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“The days of miracles are ended,” said the parson; “they closed with the apostolic dispensation.” As this was uttered in his deepest *ex cathedra* voice any reply would have been bad manners; but one could think. If the days of miracles have really ended why does the church have special prayers for fine weather, and for rain, and days of fasting and humiliation to prevent or put an end to great calamities?



If the days of miracles are past, why pray at all? Why believe in special providences? Why organise Moody and Sankey manifestations or Salvation Armies? Every answer to prayer is necessarily of the nature of a miracle or a Spiritual manifestation. Then, how can any consistent Christian with the least pretence to orthodoxy, deny the daily facts of Spiritualism as things belonging to a past age?

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There have been, if we can believe telegrams, some recent explosions of Spiritual dynamite in Vienna. A *Daily News* telegram says:—

“Much sensation has been caused among the lower classes by some alleged supernatural occurrences here. In a house in a western suburb the furniture flies about, china is broken, pictures drop from the walls, tables fall, and lamps are broken, all by unseen agency. The police has interfered three times, and as the occurrences have been repeated the family has gone elsewhere, and the lodging has been locked up and sealed.”

If this be true, they can all the better get on without Mr. Bastian.

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“Mediums produce the raps by the action of the toe-joint”! That’s how it is done! And the clergy, professional men, and the people of Glasgow who patronised the conjurer, Stuart Cumberland, quietly swallow this ancient prescription, never dreaming that they themselves have been *done*. Mr. David Anderson, in the *Daily Mail* of the 16th ult., administers a very wholesome castigation to these would-be investigators of Spiritualism, who seem prepared to accept of anything rather than look at the testimony of accredited facts.

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Mediums, and those who control them, must learn how to avoid some difficulties and dangers. Mr. Eglinton’s cabinet for materialisations is a perfect security against any fraud by the medium—but it is costly, and under conceivable circumstances might be dangerous. What if the house were to take fire, and the sitter with the key in his or her pocket were to rush off in a panic? In such a case the spirits would have to dematerialise the lock on the cabinet, or the medium would inevitably be destroyed. Such a case is not very likely to occur—but it is conceivable, and would not be comfortable.

There are, however, plenty of perfect tests. Some of the best are contrived by the spirits. If you fasten the medium's lips together with gummed paper, you *know* that he, or she, is not talking to you. If you securely tie up the medium in a bag, you know that he or she cannot personate a spirit materialisation. When a materialised spirit dips his fingers in purple ink, and you find the medium's hands without a stain, you prove a distinct identity. Every clever wide-awake investigator finds plenty of tests which are simple, easy to apply, and absolutely satisfactory.

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The spirit "Joey," a "control" of Mr. Eglinton, used to argue the matter with Mr. Blackburn. "Talk about your Psychic force!" said Joey. "Can a force think, and talk, and materialise itself and do the things that I do? I tell you that I am a man, an individual, as much as *you* are!"

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Mr. Sergeant Cox wrote a book to show that a "Psychic Force"—something like electricity—made all the manifestations. He fought zealously against the spirit hypothesis, but he was also a careful logical investigator, with a legal training and great business abilities. The spirits got the better of him at last. They demonstrated their individuality to his entire satisfaction.

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## TO OUR READERS.

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THE SPIRITUAL RECORD has been published for nine months with good acceptance, but, of course, a limited circulation, which, though steadily increasing, is yet not sufficient to pay its cost. To diminish this monthly loss we are compelled for a time, which may be shortened by efforts to increase its circulation, to reduce a little the quantity and cost. During these nine months we have, in fact, given monthly from 12 to 16 pages more than was contained in our predecessors, the *Spiritual Magazine*, *Human Nature*, or the *Psychological Review*. An effort, however, will be made to make up in quality for diminution in quantity, and also to meet the wants and suit the tastes of every class of readers. We believe the work is a good one—well worth doing; and we would gladly carry it out fully, if the temporary loss could be met. If not, we see no way but to divide it equitably, until it can be met by our growing—but too slowly growing—circulation.

HAY NISBET & Co.